

American Junior Red Cross

MAY • 1955



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"American Junior Red Cross News" is published monthly, October through May (except January), by American National Red Cross. Copyright 1955 by American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription to NEWS on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is 50 cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter. Individual subscriptions to the "American Junior Red Cross NEWS" are accepted at 50 cents a year, 10 cents a single copy.

The NEWS was entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office, Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

YOUNG CITIZENS have good times

Our Cover

Phoebe Erickson, who made the NEWS cover design this month, has illustrated 10 books, and has written and illustrated six others for children. She especially likes to draw animals. Her idea for using raccoons on the NEWS cover came from a childhood memory of the fun she and her younger brother used to have watching baby raccoons at play on a branch of a dead tree.

Be a Leader

Think of neighbors every day,
Share with neighbors, when you may,
You will be a leader true,
Neighbors will depend on you.

SEMA WILLIAMS HERMAN

Birthdays to Remember

May 8—the birthday of Henri Dunant, the Swiss who started the Red Cross idea of service to mankind, will be observed throughout the Red Cross world.

May 12—the birthday of Florence Nightingale, the English nurse, will be celebrated as "Hospital Day" throughout our country, for her services to the nursing profession.

Smokey the Bear

Summer is the time to work with Smokey the Bear in keeping our parks and our forests green. If everyone who goes camping or on picnics will remember to do his part, forest fires won't cause the damage they do now. Read "Park Pointers" on pages 20-21 to remind you of what you can do to help.

Happy Vacation!

Have a good time this summer and watch for your next copy of the NEWS in October.

LOIS S. JOHNSON, Editor



FÜRTH, GERMANY—Boys are delighted with their gift boxes from the AJRC.



SURPRISE!

SHAMOKIN, PENNSYLVANIA—Eunice Barrett, Garfield School, packs surprises into a gift box for overseas.

The Youngest Bergen Boy

By KAREN OVERGAARD

Illustrated by
Ursula Koering



In far-away Norway

*Erik lived and had good
times with his pet deer.*

AFTER BREAKFAST, Erik waited hopefully for his father and brothers to come from the barn before he went up to his own hated job. Paul and Arne emerged first. "Still hanging around, Squirt?" Arne said. Erik grinned; his eyes followed his older brothers, not with envy, but with admiration, as they started up toward the meadow, their scythes over their husky shoulders.

Suddenly there was a "swish!" at his heels. He yelled, and went sprawling.

"You're a bigger baby than Marit," Gorm jeered down at him, "if you can't stand the sound of a blade at your heels! Go play with your reindeer!"

Their father's angry voice boomed. "That scythe is no toy!"

Gorm retreated ingloriously, and Erik got up.

"Papa," he blurted, "may I help with the cutting—"

"No!" His father continued in a milder tone. "No, Squirt. The youngest weeds the potato patch."

"But Marit is the youngest!"

"Do you remember your promise last winter?"

Erik nodded slowly. "Yes, sir."

"Very well. Go to your work, and no more grumbling." His father departed.

Erik got his hoe. He was trudging up the path when he heard small footsteps behind him. It was Marit, his little sister. "Oh, no!" he groaned. Marit's big smile disappeared. "You're the youngest, Marit," he said bitterly, "and you should have the honor of weeding the potatoes, but it's still my job. You go back to the house like a good girl." Marit walked slowly back.

Erik climbed the steep, rocky path to the potato patch. It was hedged in by rocks and a grove of spruce and birch. In the distance mountain peaks rose high one after the other.

Erik whistled the little tune he had taught his pet deer, Frodi, to come to. Frodi soon ap-

peared, craning his slender neck. He licked Erik's hands, butted him playfully, snuffed around his pockets. Erik gave him the bit of bread from his pocket. Frodi ate it daintily while Erik stroked his smooth head.

He would weed the potatoes forever rather than lose Frodi! Summer weeding had certainly seemed far off last fall, when he had found Frodi with a broken leg and starving. Erik had promised to work with no grumbling if he could only keep Frodi. Erik's mother had pleaded with his father. So Erik's father had finally given in and let Frodi live in the barn for the winter.

Erik set to work. Gorm, a rattle-brain only two years older, he thought, was allowed to swing a scythe, while Erik could only weed potatoes. In the fall, he would hoe them out of their frost-bound bed or wallow in mud if there had been rain before the harvest. Potatoes!

Erik jerked angrily at a clump of weeds. But it was a potato plant! He had no right

**Erik laughed as he saw
his pet deer Frodi pulling
up weeds.**

to waste food. He held it out to Frodi. Frodi sniffed, gave Erik a disgusted look, and began daintily to pull up weeds instead.

"Hey—why didn't I think of that before!" Frodi blinked his soft brown eyes at Erik. Erik started down the rocky path. When he got to the farmyard, he saw Anders, the hired man, clattering down the road in their two-wheeled cart, their usually sedate little horse in a dignified gallop. He shrugged, ran across the yard, and almost collided with his father and Paul.

"Your weeding is finished?" his father asked.

"Almost, sir. I've got—"

"All right. Eat, and then go up to the meadow," his father said, and walked slowly away with Paul. Erik whooped. "Yes sir!" This was better than he'd expected! He dashed into the house, danced Marit across the kitchen, and gave his mother a bear hug. Gorm stood at the window, looking out.

(Please turn the page)



"Sit down and eat, Erik," his mother said quietly. "Come, Marit, Gorm."

Erik sat down beside Marit on the long bench. "No thanks, Mother," Gorm said in a muffled voice. "What's the matter with him?" Erik said to his mother. Gorm was usually the first at the table.

Gorm whirled. "Nothing!" he cried, and ran out, the door banging behind him.

"Is he crying?" Erik asked, amazed, and then Marit burst into tears.

"Arne has been hurt," their mother said quietly. "The back of his leg badly cut. Anders has gone for the doctor."

She did not say so, but Erik knew it was Gorm's fault. Gorm's place in the cutting was behind Arne. He had clowned with his scythe, as with Erik this morning. Erik wanted to see Arne, but his mother hustled him through his meal, and out. And as a parting warning, she said he was not to tease Gorm; Gorm felt bad enough about what he had done. Erik promised, but secretly he was gleeful that Gorm had been at last dropped a peg. Now he would show Papa how much better he was.

He went tearing over to the barn, and almost ran into his father again. His arm was grasped and held.

"So your weeding was finished, was it?"

"N-n-not quite, sir, b-b-but—"

"That is your reindeer in the potato field?"

"Yes sir, but—"

"And you came down knowing he was there?"

Erik gulped. "Yes, sir. He keeps me company—"

"So!" Erik was released, and he stumbled against the wall. "So. Everybody works but Erik. Erik plays games with his reindeer, like the baby he is, the squirt."

The roar of his father's voice brought out Erik's mother and Marit. Even Gorm heard Erik's disgrace.

"What has the boy done?" his mother asked anxiously.

"Boy!" his father exploded. "At 12, it is time he was learning how to be a man. Go to

your room, Erik. Marit can do your job for you. I'll finish this reindeer business once and for all!"

Erik watched his father stalk off toward the barn. He gave his mother a miserable look. She shook her head and sighed, and went into the barn.

Erik looked down at Marit, and gently freed his hand. "Papa didn't mean what he said, Marit—about you weeding." He ran over to the small barn window. Peering in, he saw his father take down the heavy old shot gun. Erik felt as if the breath had been knocked out of him. Then he dashed across the yard and up the path, because just to be running was something. He stopped behind a clump of birches and watched, breathing hard.

Erik caught a glimpse of his father, with the gun over his arm. He turned and ran so fast that he kept slipping, scraping his hands and knees on the rocks, grabbing at bushes to help his climb. When he reached the potato field, he whistled to Frodi on the run, and they plunged into the woods.

Erik stumbled over logs, sloshed through streams, and clumsily scrambled over boulders. But Frodi leaped the streams and rose easily over every rock and fallen tree in his path. Finally they came to a little open meadow. Erik pushed doggedly into the woods beyond, until the rocky ground sloped too steeply to go farther.

He sank down against a spruce. Frodi lay contentedly beside him. Erik could see the field, but he could not have moved another step.

Suddenly he saw his father coming out of the woods, the gun over his arm. He crossed the field, calling Erik's name.

Erik stood up. His knees shook and his voice trembled, but he called, "Father—if you shoot Frodi, you must shoot me first!"

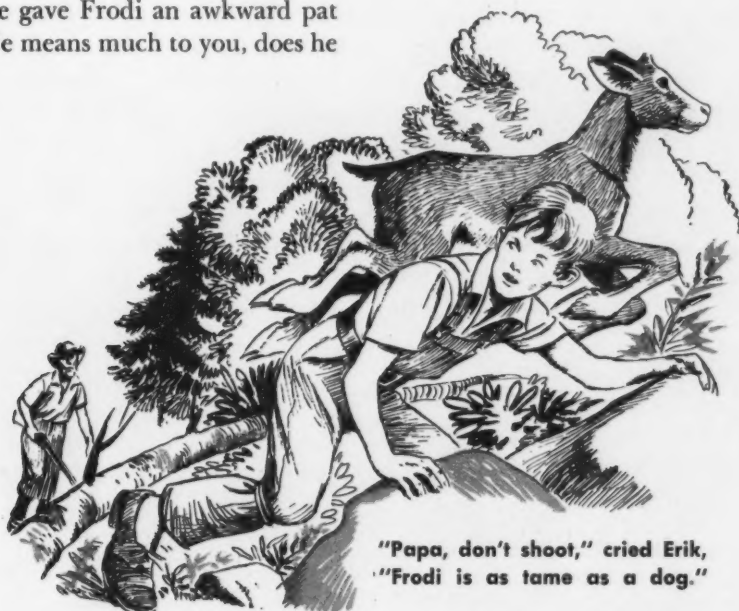
His father came toward them. "Come down here," he called. "Fool boy!" Erik tightened his grasp around Frodi's neck. Frodi struggled and pulled away, bounding into the open. Erik gasped and stumbled after him.

"Papa—don't shoot! Frodi is as tame as a

dog, and he hates potatoes—he eats only the weeds! Look how he comes to me, Papa! Here, Frodi!" Erik called desperately to his pet, who was racing around them as if he were competing for a cup. "Frodi—come here!" In his own sweet time, Frodi came. Erik grabbed him. Frodi butted him down.

Erik picked himself up and said in a trembling voice, "See, Papa, how gentle and playful he is?" He got a good grip on Frodi's neck and said, "Feel how smooth his coat is, Papa." In a fierce tone he whispered to Frodi, "Will you please behave yourself?" Frodi blinked his eyes and looked angelic.

"He's a handsome little fellow," Erik's father said as he gave Frodi an awkward pat on the head. "He means much to you, does he not, Erik?"



"Papa, don't shoot," cried Erik,
"Frodi is as tame as a dog."

Erik nodded wordlessly, and gave Frodi a hug. His father rubbed his nose. "Well, come along," he said gruffly. All the way down through the woods, Erik caught his father watching Frodi as he leaped lightly over streams and rocks.

When they reached the potato field, Frodi went on ahead of them. Erik stared. For, who did he see sitting on the ground, gravely pulling up weeds, but Marit? And who was diligently hoeing up rocks, but Gorm? Gorm gave them an almost jaunty grin.

Marit held out the weed she had pulled to Frodi. He nibbled it delicately from her

hand. Then he reached down towards the ground, pulling up his own weeds. While he chewed, he seemed to give Erik's father a knowing look. Then he kicked up his hind legs as if he were very proud of himself.

Erik could hardly believe his ears when his father told him Gorm had offered to trade jobs with Erik for a while. "If you can handle a scythe," Gorm said impudently, almost his old self again. It was on Erik's tongue to snap back that Gorm was afraid now to wield the sharp blade of a scythe. Instead he grinned and gave his brother a good-natured punch.

He received a pummeling in the ribs in return.

Erik raced down the path after his father, followed closely by Frodi. Maybe Gorm had a right to be afraid, after all. He himself might be afraid, once he had tried swinging a scythe. Meanwhile, life was terrific! Frodi was safe, for good. This very afternoon he would be swinging a scythe instead of pulling up weeds.

And he had a hunch that no one would call him "Squirt" again. He was really only the youngest Bergen boy. After all, Marit was the baby of the family.



"What next?" wonder these little Vietnamese refugees
who are looking to you for friendship.

Looking for Friendship



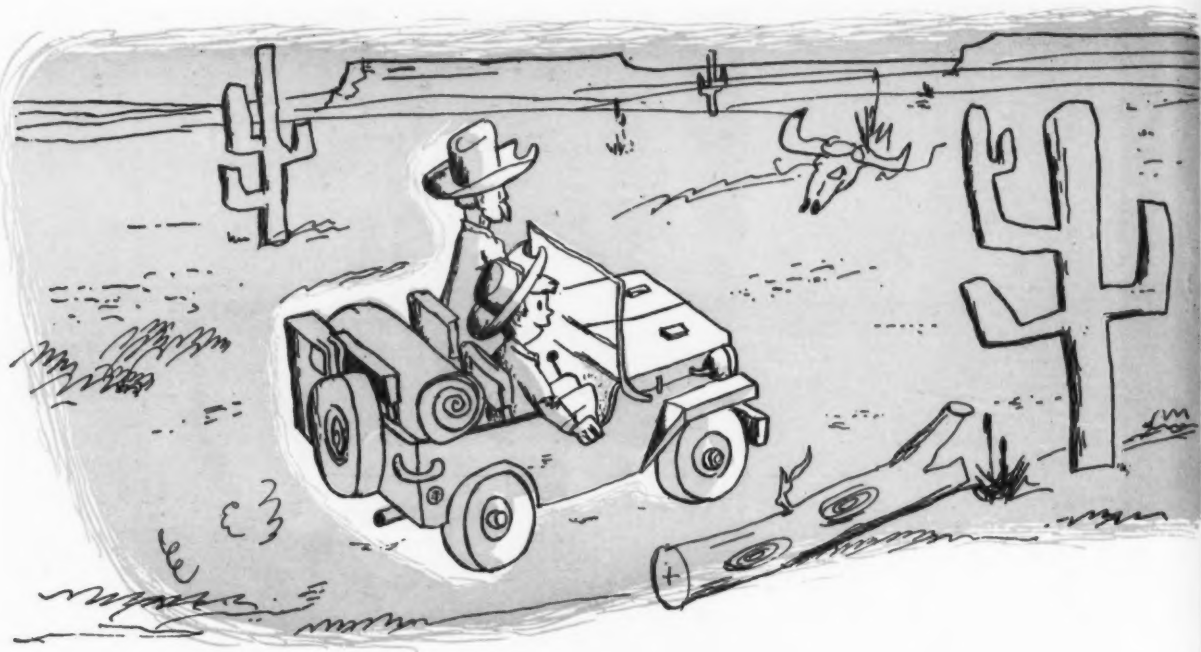
These little tots, even the youngest ones, are pleased by the contents of their AJRC gift boxes.

3,000 of the total number of gift boxes shipped to Vietnam were filled by AJRC members in American dependent schools. These are seventh graders at Yoyogi School, Tokyo, Japan, packing gift boxes.

AWAY ACROSS THE SEA in the country of Vietnam, thousands of refugee children are saying "Thank you" to their unknown friends in the American Junior Red Cross. Although their homes have been destroyed, and their grass hut schools are bare of school supplies, there is gladness in their hearts. Gladness, because school

children in the United States through the American Junior Red Cross, have stretched out their hands to help them and to send them friendly greetings.

Shipments of 103,000 gift boxes, 200 school chests, and 3,000 chalkboards with chalk and erasers have been sent by the American juniors.



PEPE'S SAND PAINTING

By CATHERINE BLANTON

**At first Jim was afraid his vacation
was going to be lonely—but that was
before Uncle Bill's exciting visit . . .**

JIM DIDN'T KNOW how long he'd been sitting on the steps. It seemed like forever. But here it was vacation and all the other kids had gone somewhere. Worse still, Tom, his best friend, had moved away.

The sign on the house next door rattled in the wind. FOR RENT. It hurt Jim just to look at it.

He heard the chugging sound up the street before the jeep rounded the corner. To his surprise it stopped at his own curb. A tall, lean man unwound his legs.

"Hey! Anybody home?"

Jim could hardly believe his eyes. "Uncle Bill," he cried, racing to the front.

"Well, you old sand lizard," exclaimed the man. "Must have been waiting for me."

Jim shook his head. "No—to tell the truth, Uncle Bill, I was feeling sorry for myself. But now it's all right. You're here."

So Jim told him everything—about it being vacation and all his friends gone.

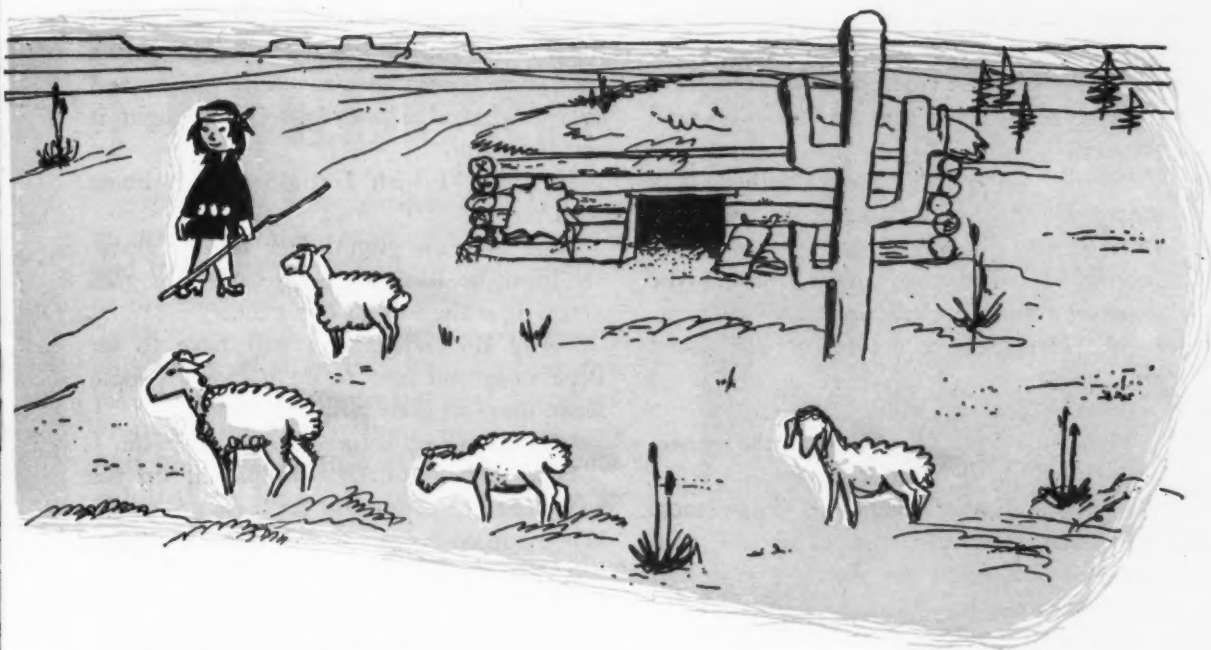
Uncle Bill pulled at his mustache thoughtfully. "That's tough. But I wouldn't take it too hard. You'll find another pal."

"But not like Tom."

"No," he agreed. "But you'll find boys are about the same the world over. Why, up in Navajo country—" Suddenly he stopped. His gray eyes blinked. "Say, how'd you like to go with me to the reservation?"

And now it was Jim's turn to blink. "You—you mean?" He shook his head. "Aw, Mother wouldn't let me go."

Uncle Bill said, "Why not? You're old enough for that." Then he added. "Let's go and see anyway."



Soon Jim and Uncle Bill saw
the boy herding his flock.

Illustrated by Bert Marsh

Jim's mother didn't approve at first. She said, "He might catch cold. And there's bugs and things."

But Uncle Bill poohed-poohed it all. Then she said they'd leave it up to Jim's father. And he agreed with Uncle Bill that it would be a fine experience for Jim.

All day the jeep followed the road. At night Uncle Bill showed Jim how to spread his bedroll. Together they built a fire and cooked their supper.

"Tomorrow we'll be in Navajo country," he told Jim.

The road seemed always to be climbing or suddenly dropping into a canyon.

Once Uncle Bill pointed his finger. "There's our first hogan. That's the Navajo's house."

"It's a funny one," exclaimed Jim.

"Not to the Navajo," he replied. "The Navajo builds his house out of mud and sticks because it's handy. Besides, he has to move often with his sheep."

It was over the next hill they met the

boy herding his flock. "Why that looks like Pepe," said Uncle Bill.

The boy's face was dark and round. He did not smile until Uncle Bill got out of the jeep.

"Hi, Pepe. Remember me?"

Pepe's smile was broad. "It is Long Legs."

"It sure is," answered Uncle Bill. "And this here is my nephew. His name is Jim. Maybe he can help you with the sheep tomorrow."

Pepe shook his head. "Tomorrow my sister will stay with the sheep. I go with my grandfather to find the sand stones."

Jim saw that his uncle was pleased. "Then maybe you'll take us along."

Pepe smiled. "My grandfather and Long Legs are good friends."

Uncle Bill had known Pepe's family for a long time. Now they welcomed him to their hogan. After supper the men sat around the fire and talked. Jim and Pepe talked some too.

(More on next page)

There were so many things Jim was wanting to know. "But what will your grandfather do with the colored rocks?" he asked.

Pepe replied, "They are for the sand pictures."

Pepe went on. "My grandfather is a medicine man. He makes the sand pictures when people get sick. It is the way of our people. I learn to make pictures too. Maybe someday I will be medicine man."

"Will you make a picture for me?" asked Jim.

Pepe lowered his voice. "We see."

The sun had not yet come over the canyon walls when they started out.

The grandfather carried a large sack. Pepe had a smaller one. The old man seemed to know just the places to go to find the colored stones.

Jim asked, "Will you make the pictures from these?"

The grandfather's long hair shook. "No, the rocks must be ground fine. It is from the sand we make the picture." A smile came to his stern lips. "We are glad for you and Long Legs. You can help with the grinding."

The grinding was begun as soon as they got back to the hogan. Each stone was placed between two big rocks and crushed until it became a fine sand. There was a separate bag for each color. Pepe fixed his rocks also.

Then his grandfather said they would make a picture for Jim. It was done on the hard dirt. It showed many Indian signs and every sign had a meaning. Jim thought it was beautiful.

He said, "I wish I could take it home with me."

Pepe and his grandfather looked grave. "It must be torn up before the sun goes down. It is the way of our people."

Uncle Bill said, "You will have to let Pepe show you how to do it. Some people make them in glass jars."

"But I have no colored sand," said Jim.

Pepe moved quietly. He picked up his bags of sand. "From now on these are yours. When you go home you will take them with you. You are my friend."

Jim was really surprised. Why, he could make a picture for Tom. Then he remembered—Tom was gone. Well, he was glad for a friend like Pepe anyway.

The jeep came to a stop at the curb. Uncle Bill pointed a long brown finger. "Looks like you got new neighbors."

Jim looked at Tom's old house. The sign was gone and two boys were cleaning the yard.

"Two!" cried Jim. "Oh, boy. Wait until I tell them about Pepe. I'll make them a sand painting too."

◆ ◆ ◆



Pepe's sand picture showed many Indian signs.

SUMMER GARDENS

"How does your garden grow?" This might be the theme song for the many girls and boys who grow flowers each summer in their school gardens.

The Louisville (Kentucky) elementary children worked in 10 school gardens during the summer months last year. Two hundred seventy-five of them produced over 300 bouquets of flowers. These were distributed to hospitals and institutions in their community.

This summer gardening program is closely tied in with Junior Red Cross. While the public schools supervise the growing of the flowers, the Junior Red Cross takes care of seeing that the flowers are distributed. The members make containers and study flower arranging, so that the bouquets will be attractive.



Courier-Journal

↑ JRC members in Louisville, Ky., make containers for flowers raised in school gardens.

Eva Luoma



This group in Weirton, W.Va., are watering and weeding the flowers they planted in the spring. →



THE ANDY BIRD

By CATHERINE WOOLLEY

Illustrated by Harry Goff

ONE DAY Andy thought he would be a bird. So he flew up in the tree in his back yard and began to sing.

He didn't fool the other birds by singing up in the tree. They could tell by his singing that he was not really a bird.

He didn't fool Cyrus the cat by singing up in the tree. Cyrus sat at the foot of the tree and could tell by Andy's looks that he was not really a bird.

He didn't fool George the dog by singing up in the tree. George wagged his tail because

he could tell by the Andy smell that he was really Andy.

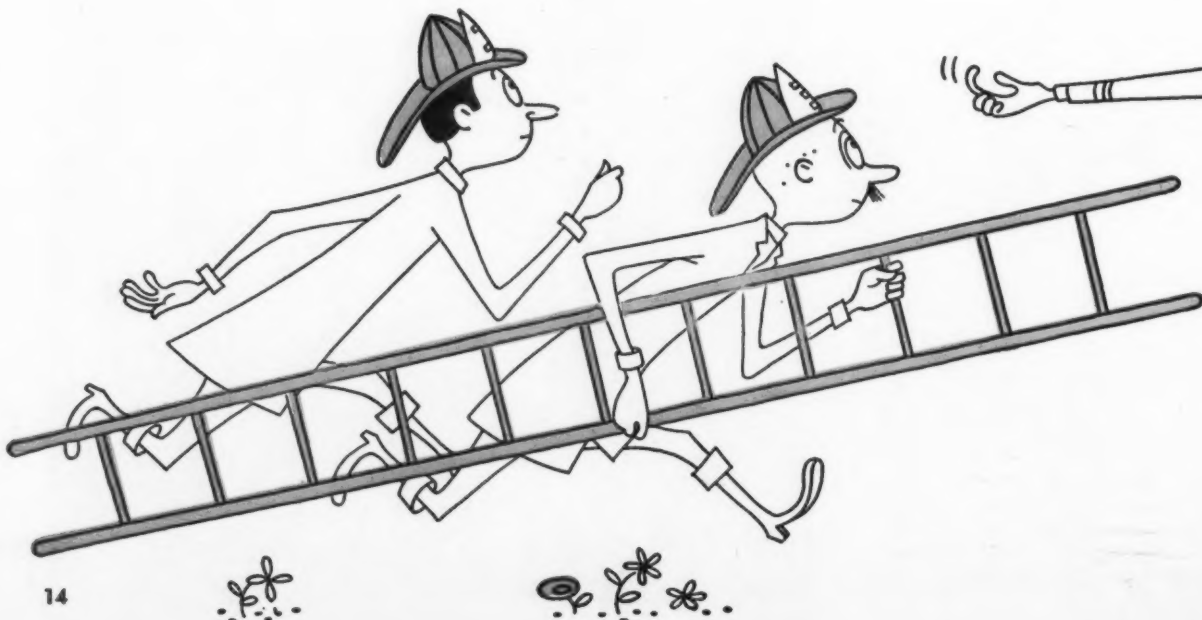
He didn't even fool the bugs on the tree by singing. They knew he wouldn't eat them up, just because they knew.

Then mother came out. And she was fooled! She thought Andy was a bird. She said, "How in the world did that Andy bird get up in my tree?"

Andy was pleased that mother thought he was a bird. He said, "The Andy bird flew up."

Mother said, "Please fly down."

The firemen came, carrying their long ladder.





Andy said, "The Andy bird has to sing some more." The Andy bird sang some more.

Mother got a banana. She held it up and said, "This is bird food. Come down and get some bird food, Andy bird."

Andy loved bananas so he said, "O.K." But when he looked down the ground seemed far away. He didn't know how to get down. He said, "The Andy bird has to sing one more song."

Mother said, "Well, one more song." The Andy bird sang one more song.



Mother said, "Now come down." Andy looked down again. He still didn't know how to get down out of the tree so he said, "The Andy bird has to sing one more—"

"Andrew Anderson Applegate, come down!" said Mother.

Andy said, "You help me."

Mother reached up. Andy reached down. Mother stood on tip-toe, but she was too small. She called to her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Hastings, "Please come over and help me get Andy down."

Mrs. Hastings came over. She reached up. Andy reached down. Mrs. Hastings said, "I am too fat. Call Mr. Grey across the street."

Mother called, "Mr. Grey, please come over and help us get Andy down."

Mr. Grey came over. He reached up. Andy reached down. Mr. Grey said, "I am too old. There is the milkman. Ask him."

Mother said, "Mr. Milkman, please come and help us get Andy down."

By this time a small crowd had gathered to see Andy come down. The milkman came over. He reached up. Andy reached down. The milkman said, "I would have to climb this tree and I am too big. Call the police."

Mother said, "All right, I'll call and ask the policemen please to come quickly and get Andy out of the tree."

Andy began to think this was fun. He was glad he was up in the tree and he watched with great interest for the police to come. By this time a bigger crowd had gathered.

The policemen came in the police car. They said, "You need a fireman. Let's call the fire department." They went in to call the fire department. Andy sat in the tree looking down. He thought it was exciting to have so many people down there looking up at the tree. And he could hardly wait to hear the clang of the fire engine.

The fire engine came, blowing its siren. The firemen jumped off. They put their tall ladder against the tree. Andy could tell that now they would get him down. He wanted everyone to know, before he went down, that he was a bird. So he called out, "I'm the Andy

bird!" And he began to sing as loud as he could sing.

A fireman climbed the ladder. He got Andy around the stomach. And down they went! "O.K., bird!" said the fireman.

Mother said, "Oh, thank you, everyone!"

Then the firemen put their ladder on the truck and clanged away. The policemen got into their car and rode away. The people wandered away.

The milkman went back to deliver milk. Mr. Grey went across the street. Mrs. Hastings went back to her own house. Mother went indoors.

Andy felt so lonesome after all the excitement that he thought to himself, I think I'll be an Andy bird again. He was just going to climb the tree when mother called out the window, "Andrew Anderson Applegate!"

But Daddy, when he heard the story that night, said, "If Andy is going to be a bird we'd better build him a ladder."

So Daddy made a ladder that Andy could go up—and down, too—and fastened it to the tree. And after that Andy could be a bird whenever he felt like it without calling Mother, Mrs. Hastings, Mr. Grey, the milkman, the police, and the fire department to get him down!

◆ ◆ ◆

The Mustang

*A streak of black
Dashing along the plain,
A rabbit, a wolf, a dog?
What is it?
A cloud, a pond, a quail?*

*A herd of horses,
Galloping with the wind.
A black streak at the lead—
The mustang.*

JANET WATSON

Campus Laboratory School
San Diego State College
San Diego, Calif.



Philippine boys
play "topong pong."

Illustrated by
Fred Collins

See How They Play!

All over the world and right down the ages, children have played. And if you could take your Magic Carpet and look in on boys and girls from England to Egypt, and from China to South America, you would see that play is much the same everywhere.

Though the rules of the game, its name and catchcalls—like the words of different languages—are different, the spirit of it is the same. The desire for fun, the joy of skill, are the same. In a matter of minutes you would be able to join in and make friends.

Nevertheless it is the little differences that do exist that make the games of other peoples so fresh and charming. They often reflect the people's surroundings and daily lives, their likes and dislikes, their artistic tastes.

You surely know the old favorite, "oranges and lemons" (or "London Bridge is falling down"), in which players are caught in an arch made by the two leaders and asked to make a choice, ending in a tug-o-war.

African children call this game "killing the elephant." They give it a different song and their chanting, stamping, and swaying reflect the rhythmic nature of the race.

In Cuba the children play the same game again, but they call it "la fuente" (the fountain), and as the players pass under the arch they sing of the breaking of the fountain's spray.

Games like hide-and-seek, tag, darts, and ball games, appear all over the world.

"Topong pong," a game played in the Philippines, is a form of hide-and-seek with a difference. The player chosen to be "it" places

a tin can or coconut shell in a circle on the ground; another player then kicks it as far as he can, and while "it" must chase the tin and replace it in the circle, the other players hide.

When someone is found, he must remain at base unless rescued by another player who has to reach and kick the tin before "it" gets back to base. If a would-be rescuer is out-run, he becomes "it," or if all the players are caught the first one found is "it."

The game "flying Americans" is played by 10 to 40 boys and girls, aged from 8 to 11.

Although they have less time for play than we have, Indian children have quite a number of games and the girls in particular enjoy a variety of graceful "round" dances.

"Lalamlali" is a type of ball game for outdoors. Players take up positions on the ground, each armed with a **danda**, or sturdy stick. Each player draws a circle round himself, on the ground. One player throws the ball as far away as he can, and the player chosen as "it" must try to throw the ball, from wherever it lands, trying either to hit one of



In India children play a ball game called "lalamlali."

Players join hands to form a circle; two players are chosen as "it" to run together as partners; they join inside hands and must keep them joined as long as they are "it."

They begin by running round outside of the circle. As they run, the inside partner tags the clasped hands of a couple on the circle. This tagged couple, with hands still clasped, starts running in the opposite direction around the circle, leaving their space open. The two couples now race around the circle and the first to get back to the vacant position has the choice of remaining in the circle or becoming "it."

the other players with it, or to make the ball land in one of their circles. If his first throw fails, he has another shot from wherever the ball lands.

The other players try to ward off the ball with their **dandas**, using them like bats, but if the ball touches them, or lands inside the circle, or if the defending player steps outside his circle, he becomes "it."

Another Indian game you might like to play is "cheetal and cheetah"—the cheetal being the beautiful native spotted deer and the cheetah the spotted leopard which hunts it. The teams of cheetals and cheetahs are chosen

and ranged in lines, say 6 feet apart and facing in opposite directions. About 20 feet away from each team their "bases" are marked out. A leader stands apart from the players and calls "Chee-ee-ee," then suddenly ends up with "tah" or "tal," whereupon the team called must race for its home base, while the other team pursues. Anyone caught before reaching base is out.

One of the games which appears in many places is our "hawk and chickens" (or "fox and geese" as English children call it). In China it is "eagle and chickens," in parts of Africa, "the hen and the leopard," while American Indians have a similar game called "the coyote and the father."

In the African version, the fierce leopard stands in front of the line of chickens headed by the mother hen. The leopard sways and growls; the mother hen sings "The leopard comes to catch you!" and the chickens chant "Poor children! Poor children!"

Then, with a loud snarl, the leopard tries to grab one of the chickens, who must all fall to the ground. If the leopard catches one before it falls, he carries it off, then returns to get another.

In China, as you might expect, this game becomes "catching the dragon's tail" ("chuo tung wei"). The player at the front is joined to the line (linked by hands on shoulders), and becomes the angry head trying to catch the tail, while tail and body lash from side to side to avoid it; if the dragon's body breaks, the tail becomes the head.

Chinese children have a form of shuttlecock which develops great skill; the shuttlecock (white feathers fixed in bamboo or cork) is kicked into the air and the aim of the player is to keep it in the air for a record number of kicks. An expert can kick it over a hundred times, dancing about with great agility while the white-feathered shuttlecock flies about him!

An Eastern game which originated in Korea is a flower relay. Members of each team must race to a bush and hang a flower or garland on it; immediately the flowers are hung the next runner starts. The flower-hung tree of the winning team is a pretty and festive sight. Paper flowers are generally used, and a bush (or large branch) with thorns or plenty of twigs is chosen.

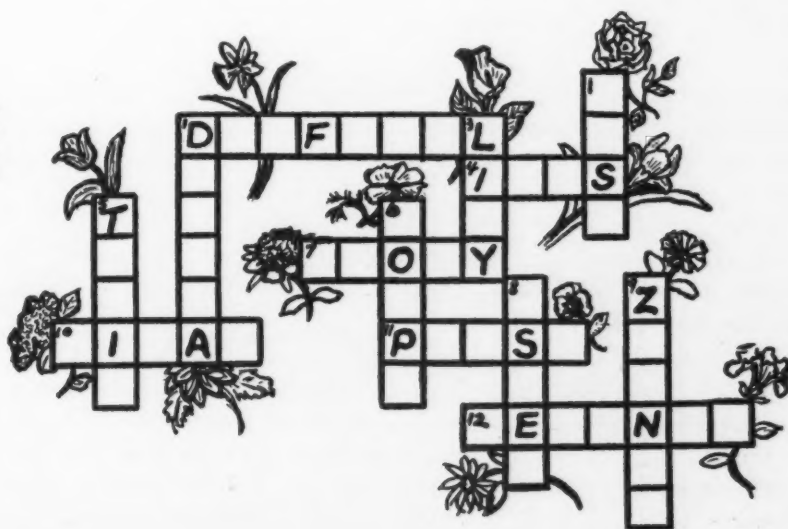
—Courtesy Australian Red Cross "Junior"

SUMMER FLOWERS PUZZLE

By ELLEN E. MORRISON

The words of this puzzle are all names of flowers. A picture of each touches its name. Do you know them?

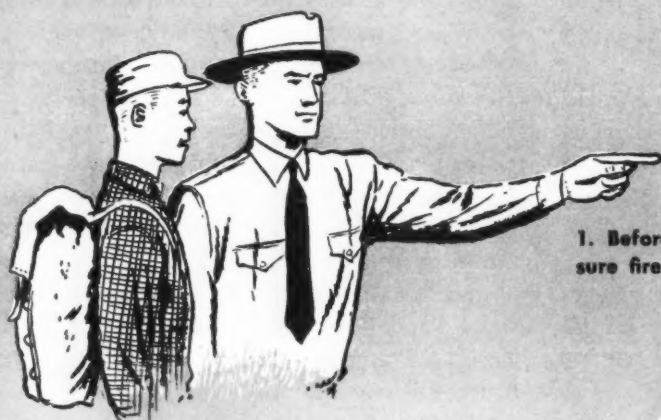
(Answers on page 25)



PARK POINTERS

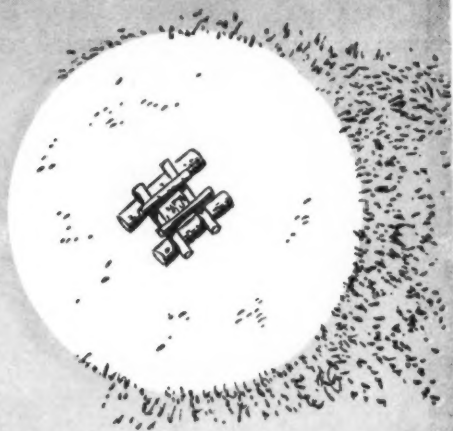
Planning to visit one of our city, state, or national parks this summer? If so, you'll have more fun—and so will other people—if you keep these pointers in mind.

Picture story by MARGO TYLER
Illustrations by John Donaldson



1. Before building a campfire, make sure fires are permitted in the area.

2. When building a fire, clear a circle about five feet in diameter by taking away all material that may burn, such as dry leaves, wood, and papers.



3. Before leaving the fire, soak the coals and surrounding ground with water, making sure the last spark is out. If no water is available, cover the fire with dirt. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires.



4. Follow park regulations regarding feeding of animals.

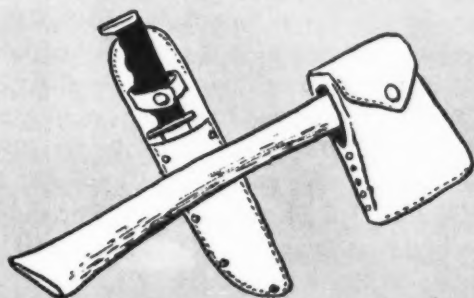
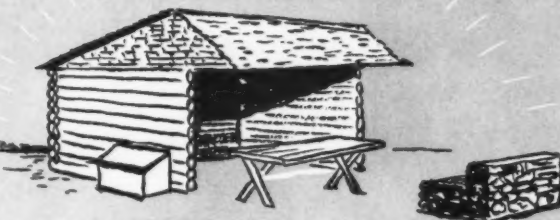


5. Learn how to spot poison ivy, poison oak and poison sumac so you can avoid these plants.



6. Never eat strange berries or "mushrooms." They may be poisonous.

7. When you leave your campsite, be sure to pick up all trash. Leave the park as clean as you would like to find it.



8. Handle knives, axes and other sharp instruments with care—and don't use your knife to carve up trees or benches.

ONE LUCKY DAY



By MAY JUSTUS

Illustrated by
Joel Lowendahl

Becky and Jessie were in the garden gathering beans for dinner when all of a sudden a horrible sound came to their ears.

"Squeek! Squawk! Squ-ee-k!" No human or animal noise like this had they ever heard.

Jessie dropped her basket and ran out to the barn. Becky, however, went another way. She was not mistaken, for when she poked her head inside the door, there was Jeff hanging the fiddle on the wall—Pappy's fiddle which had not been played since he had died last year.

"I took a notion to try it—but I can't make anything but a fuss," said her brother, with a half-shamed look in his eyes.

"I reckon not," Becky said, "guess you'll have to learn **how** to play a fiddle before you'll be able to play one!"

"Guess so," said Jeff mournfully, "but I hanker to learn how. The notion is stuck in my head and won't loosen its hold, seems like. If I had somebody to show me how, show me just a little now and then, I bet I could teach myself how to play this old fiddle box!" The

boy's face was so eager that his sister's heart went out to him.

"I wish you had a teacher, Jeff," she said. "But there's no one close around here who knows how to play a fiddle, nobody I know about."

Jeff nodded his head. "Pappy was the only fiddler here in No-End Hollow. But I'd be another if I had the chance." The boy turned away to hide the tears.

Becky's own eyes misted, but there seemed to be nothing else to say.

There were other things to think about. Summer was passing, and soon Jeff and Jessie would have to start to school. She knew that she herself could not go if she sent the other children. There was work that must be done, for the crops were not laid by. It took, as Becky knew very well, a great deal of labor and much planning to keep things going.

Granny had a good head for planning, but feeble hands for doing the harder tasks outdoors, and Becky never called upon her for such work. Jeff offered to stay at home and let Becky go to school, for Jeff had no great liking for study. But Becky said:

"Jeff, you **must** go. If you don't go to school any more, you'll be a greenhorn and a know-

nothing, and I'll be ashamed of you all my life because you have an empty head."

Becky thought she had best say little of her own longing to go back to school. It would only give Jeff a better excuse, and he must go on; Jessie, too. How to manage it was a problem, but Becky had often heard Pappy declare, "Where there's a will, there's a way."

Jessie must have one or two new aprons to wear over her old dresses. Jeff's overalls were beyond patching. There was no need yet for shoes, for through the summer, both children would go barefooted. She might save eggs enough for new clothes, but there were school books, too. Last year it had taken nearly \$5 to buy the books they had to have.

Abe Owens, a neighbor boy, going by the house one day with two pails of huckleberries, saw Becky sitting in the dogtrot, and stopped to ask for a fresh drink.

"Who helped you pick berries this morning?" Becky asked him, just to tease.

"Nobody!" Abe asserted stoutly. "I didn't leave home till 'bout 9 o'clock, but I found good picking. I might 'nigh always do," he bragged. "Seems like I can smell a berry patch the way old Scooter here can track a rabbit."

"I reckon you wouldn't tell anybody where you found that fine berry patch," Becky smiled over at him.

"I reckon I might—I might tell you," he solemnly made answer, and then looked straight at Becky and saw that she was laughing at him. He looked so taken aback then that she felt sorry for him, and repented for teasing Abe. To make up for it, she invited him to have dinner. Granny was at a sick neighbor's. Jeff and Jessie were busy below the wading hole in the creek trying to make a dam.

"You go down after Jeff and Jessie," Becky bade her caller, "and be sure to come back with them. My cooking won't poison you."

While they ate dinner, Abe told them where he had found his berries. "It's back of Uncle Zeb Holloway's house, on the south side o' Six Mile Spur."

"Let's go," said Becky at once. She saw a

chance to make the money they needed so much to buy books and clothes.

Becky and Jeff and Jessie found as soon as they climbed the trail to the top of Six Mile Spur that Abe's patch was indeed fine.

"We'll fill our buckets in no time. Let's see who beats!" cried Jessie. She was always wanting to run some kind of race, though she hardly ever won.

"Yes, let's see!" jeered Jeff. "I'll bet a bucket of berries that I can pick as many as both you girls."

As if to make sure his boast, he started picking by the handful from a heavily laden bush.

"Better be sort o' careful," Abe cautioned, "and don't pick too many green ones, if you mean to sell them to Mr. Prater at the Cross-roads store."

The girls had filled their buckets and were turning their steps homeward, when a loud growl of thunder and black clouds warned them that a storm was headed for the trail. Becky called to the boys, but no answer came.

Becky thought quickly. Was there any near shelter? Yes, there was one if they could reach



Jeff was trying to play Pappy's fiddle.



Uncle Zeb took down his fiddle and started the tune.

it—Uncle Zeb Holloway's. They started up the trail which led them to the old man's door. Uncle Zeb sat with his fiddle on the step, and a gray mule browsed nearby.

The old man rose in a mannerly way when he saw the girls approaching. "Come along in," he said, "and make yourselves at home."

"Much obliged," Becky replied.

Uncle Zeb gave his one chair to Becky, brought a three-legged stool for Jessie, then went to call his old gray mule up under the lean-to shed.

Soon Uncle Zeb looked in at the door. "Somebody else is coming down the mountain." A minute later Jeff and Abe followed the old man in, and after the boys trailed the dogs, all soaked to the skin. They had saved their huckleberries, however, and they set these in a corner, leaving sloppy wet tracks as they walked across the cabin floor.

"We're making an awful mess," said Abe, seeing the trail behind them.

"Never mind that," replied Uncle Zeb. "Right now it's sort o' chilly, and I've got a mind to take some pine knots and kindle a little fire."

The boys were surprised to find the girls here. They had lost them back in the mountains, following the dogs when they chased some varmint into an underground hole.

"You might have called us, anyway," scolded Becky, but she was relieved to find out that

no harm had happened to either one of them.

Meanwhile the boys had caught sight of Uncle Zeb's fiddle hanging over the fire-board, and they begged him to play them a tune.

"Play 'The Cackling Hen,'" pleaded Jeff.

"Or 'Rattling Down the Acorns,'" Abe suggested.

These were fiddling tunes without words. The girls wanted a ballad, and when they asked for "Barbara Allen," the old man could not refuse them. He would play if they would sing it. Jessie was shy, but Becky agreed.

Uncle Zeb took down his fiddle, started the tune, and Becky took up the beginning of the ballad:

"In Scarlet Town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling,
Made every youth cry 'Well-a-day.'
Her name was Barbara Allen."

By this time Jessie had joined in, and the boys were keeping time. There were nineteen verses, and Becky sang them all in turn, while Jessie sang what she remembered. When the ballad came to an end, Uncle Zeb put up his fiddle.

"The song is done, the fire is out, and the storm is over," he told them. As he opened the door, the sun shone through the clouds above the mountains.



They sang an old ballad that all the children loved.

"We must be going home," Becky said. "We are very much obliged to you for sheltering us through the storm."

"You are very welcome," Uncle Zeb answered. "I like company sometimes, but I hardly ever have any unless a storm chases them in, or they get lost in the mountain."

"Good-by, Uncle Zeb," called Becky as they turned into the upward trail, but the old man did not answer. He was talking to Jeff, who was lingering at the door.

When Jeff caught up with them, Becky thought that he seemed rather thoughtful. Becky wondered what her brother was thinking but she asked no questions, for well she knew that he was a say-nothing person, and resentful of being questioned about his personal affairs.

Jeff began to brag about his berries. He had picked more than anyone else, and he crowed over Jessie who had said, "Let's see who beats."

But at the store Mr. Prater took Jeff's high spirits down a bit. "You have picked too many green ones," he said as he poured Jeff's berries out.

To Jeff's dismay, he hadn't quite enough for a pair of overalls.

But good-natured Mr. Prater said, "You take 'em along, anyway. You can pick some more berries and pay me."

Jessie chose the cloth for her apron—white lawn with a rosebud pattern.

"But that stuff is for dresses," Becky said. "For aprons you want cotton checks."

"No, I don't—no, I don't!" wailed Jessie. "Cotton checks is ugly cloth. I want a flowered piece!"

She was in tears, and Becky gave in.

"Well, it is sure-enough pretty, and maybe Granny can set the colors so that they won't fade."

When Jeff got Becky all to herself, he told her his secret. "You know what Uncle Zeb was saying to me at the last?" he began. "He was telling me that he was willing to help me learn how to play the fiddle—how to handle the bow, the proper way to finger the strings."

"Well, and good for you," Becky cried so warmly that Jeff's eyes lifted and she saw the hope shining in them.

"You can slip over here every once in a while," Becky nodded toward Uncle Zeb's cabin. "There will be spare time on rainy days—"

"And at night, too, and Sundays," Jeff put in eagerly, "if you all won't mind the noise too much—it'll sound awful for a while, I guess."

"You can play in the woods or at the barn till you get the knack of fiddling," Becky told him.

"I'll show 'em!" declared her brother. "I'll learn to play that fiddle so well it'll fairly take your breath. Yes, sir-ee," he added. "I'll be as fine a fiddler as Pappy used to be—and he was even better than Uncle Zeb!"

Becky nodded. "Good for you, Jeff!" She smiled at her brother.

What a lucky day, she was thinking to herself. And there would be more like it, full of hope and happy effort. Jeff's dream would come true—so would others. The future seemed spanned by a rainbow of pure radiance.



Jeff smiled as he thought about his lucky day.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, PAGE 19

ACROSS: (2) daffodil, (4) iris, (7) peony, (10) lilac, (11) pansy, (12) petunia.

DOWN: (1) rose, (2) dahlia, (3) lily, (5) tulip, (6) poppy, (8) aster, (9) zinnia.



Courier Journal & Louisville Times

Girls at Cochran School (Louisville, Ky.) have fun with "Seven Little Sister" dolls in their health project.

Good Times in Junior



Photo by John Prindle

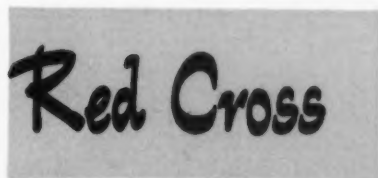
←Dressed in a colorful native costume, Kazuko Tokagi (left) shows a Japanese album to Karen Seston of New Half Way Prairie School, near Mazomanie, Wis.

Quality Photography

Training center delegates (Baltimore, Md.) learn how to make braille covers for the AJRC NEWS.



Paterson, N.J., youngsters have a splashing good time as they learn to swim.



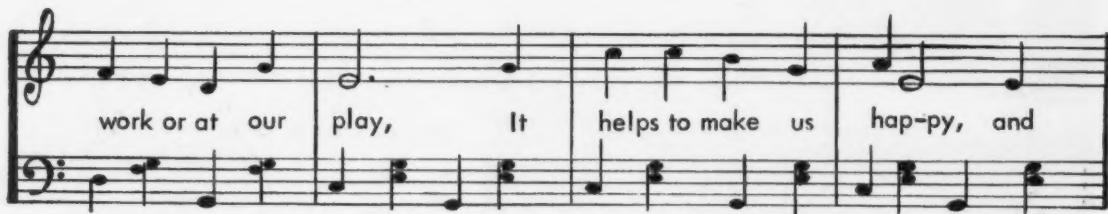
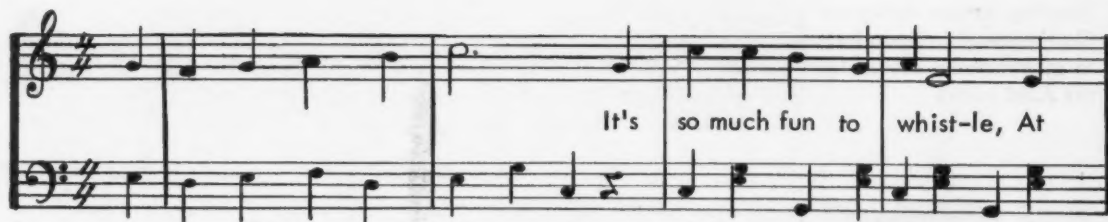
Marsh Photographers

Recording friendly greetings at Station WKRC for a JRC album, are Susan Harrison and Lyle Gallagher, Kilgour School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

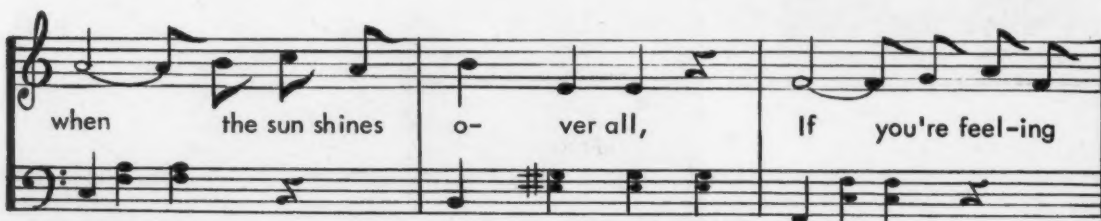
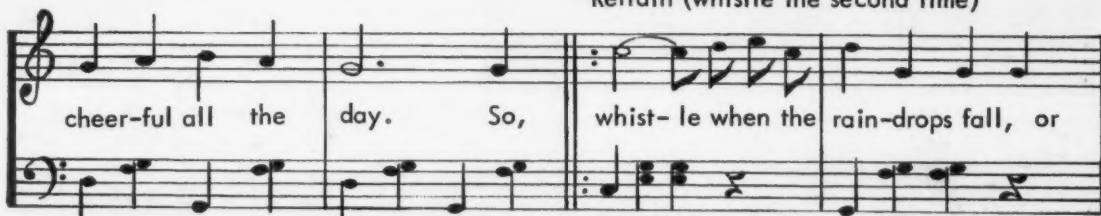


WHISTLING

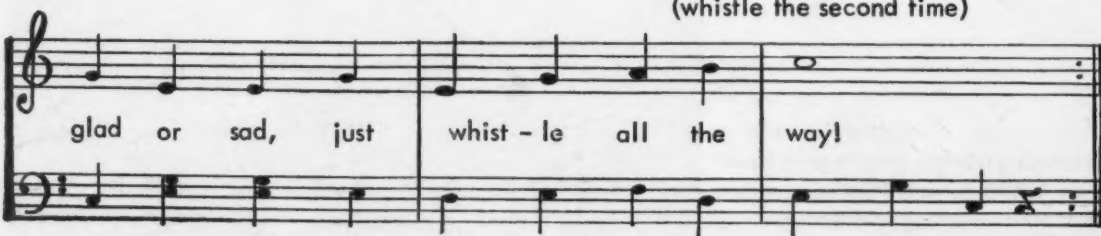
WORDS AND MUSIC
BY MARTHA V. BINDE



Refrain (whistle the second time)



(whistle the second time)



ILL. BY WM. HANLON

